

Gentle on My Mind. 1968. Glen Campbell. key:C. (Original key Eb).

4/4 time. 1, 2, 1 2 3 4. [C] [Cmaj7] [C] [Cmaj7]

It's [C] knowing that your [Cmaj7] door is always [C] open  
And your [Cmaj7] path is free to [Dm] walk [G7] [Dm] [G7]  
That [Dm] makes me tend to [G7] leave my sleeping [Dm] bag  
Rolled up and [G] stashed behind your [C] couch [Cmaj7] [C] [Cmaj7]

And it's [C] knowing I'm not [Cmaj7] shackled by for-[C]-gotten words and [Cmaj7] bonds.  
And the [C] ink stains that have [Cmaj7] dried upon some [Dm] line [G7] [Dm] [G7]  
That [Dm] keeps you in the [G7] back-roads by the [Dm] rivers of my [G7] memory  
That [Dm] keeps you ever [G] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C] [Cmaj7]

It's not [C] clinging to the [Cmaj7] rocks and ivy  
[C] Planted on their [Cmaj7] columns that now [Dm] bind me [G7] [Dm] [G7]  
Or [Dm] something that some-[G7]-body said be-[Dm]-cause they  
thought we [G] fit together [C] walking [Cmaj7] [C] [Cmaj7]

It's just [C] knowing that the [Cmaj7] world will not be [C] cursing or for-[Cmaj7]-giving  
When I [C] walk along some [Cmaj7] railroad track and [Dm] find [G7] [Dm] [G7]  
That you're [Dm] moving on the [G7] back-roads by the [Dm] rivers of my [G7] memory  
And for [Dm] hours you're just [G] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C] [Cmaj7]

Though the [C] wheat fields and the [Cmaj7] clothes lines and the [C] junkyards and  
the [Cmaj7] highways come be-[Dm]-tween us [G7] [Dm] [G7]  
And some [Dm] other woman's [G7] cryin' to her [Dm] mother  
Cause she [G] turned and I was [C] gone [Cmaj7] [C] [Cmaj7]

I [C] still might run in [Cmaj7] silence, tears of [C] joy might stain my [Cmaj7] face  
And the [C] summer's sun might [Cmaj7] burn me 'til I'm [Dm] blind [G7] [Dm] [G7]  
But [Dm] not to where I [G7] cannot see you [Dm] walkin' on the [G7] backroads  
By the [Dm] rivers flowing [G] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C] [Cmaj7]

I [C] dip my cup of [Cmaj7] soup back from a [C] gurglin' Cracklin'  
[Cmaj7] cauldron in some [Dm] train yard [G7] [Dm] [G7]  
My [Dm] beard a roughening [G7] coal pile, and a [Dm] dirty hat pulled  
[G7] low a-cross my [C] face [Cmaj7] [C] [Cmaj7]

Through [C] cupped hands 'round a [Cmaj7] tin can I pre-[C]-tend to hold you  
[Cmaj7] to my breast and [Dm] find [G7] [Dm] [G7]  
That you're [Dm] waiting from the [G7] backroads by the [Dm] rivers of my  
[G7] memories, ever [Dm] smilin' ever [G] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7]

OUTRO FADE

[C] [Cmaj7] [C] [Cmaj7] [C] [Cmaj7] [C]